to catch his tears as he came off after his last scene rather overdid her admiration. My mental criticism at the time was " What rubbish ! " When I say in what parts Charles Kean was "best/* I don't mean to be assertive. How should a mere child be able to decide ? I " think back " and remember in what parts I liked him best, but I may be quite wide of the mark.

In those days audiences liked plenty for their money, and a Shakespeare play was not nearly long enough to fill the bill. English playgoers in the early 'fifties did not emulate the Japanese, who go to the theatre early in the morning and stay there until late at night, still less the Chinese, whose plays begin one week and end the next, but they thought nothing of sitting in the theatre from seven to twelve. In one of the extra pieces which these hours necessitated, I played a "tiger/* one of those youthful grooms who are now almost a bygone fashion. The pride that I had taken in my trembling star in the pantomime was almost equalled now by my pride in my top-boots ! They were too small and caused me insupportable suffering, but I was so afraid that they would be taken away if I complained, that every evening I used to put up valorously with the torture. The piece was called " If the Cap Fits," but my boots were the fit with which I was most concerned !

Years later the author of the little play, Mr. Edmund Yates, the editor of *The World—wrote to me about my performance as the tiger :*

"When on June 13, 1859 (to no one

else in the world would I breathe the date !) I saw a very young lady play a tiger in a comedietta of mine called ' If the Cap Fits/ I had no idea that that precocious child had in her the germ of such an artist as she has since proved herself. What I think of her performance of Portia she will see in *The World.* "